

Wormfeld Chronicles IV:
The Legend of Dragonfield

James Robert Fleming

LegendOfDragonfield.com
410.207.6353

1 EXT. PRIMORDIAL FOREST - MORNING

WYRTGEORN (50s) kneels to study the tale written in fresh hoof-prints. He rises to an imposing 6'4" then vanishes like mist in the morning sun. He stalks a rangale of deer.

2 EXT. PRIMORDIAL FOREST - DAY

The yew of his long-bow strains, impatient to deliver death. Eyes focus with deadly intent on a ten-point stag. Something approaches. Wized trees yield. Boughs crack and splinter.

A GREAT WHITE STAG looms above the herd, towering an unfathomable twenty feet at the shoulder. Chestnut eyes penetrate him. Wyrtegeorn lowers his bow. The stag stomps.

The herd scatters. The Stag ambles off, glances back to him.

3 EXT. PRIMORDIAL FOREST - AFTERNOON

Wyrtegeorn pursues the Stag through fen, forest and field.

4 EXT. PRIMORDIAL FOREST - NIGHT

Wyrtegeorn collapses at a moonlit riverbank below a waterfall. The Great Stag eyes the determined straggler from the top of the waterfall's edge. He stands.

5 EXT. PRIMORDIAL FOREST GLEN - MORNING

Grey rains harry the dawn. The Stag crosses a glen, in the distance stand two sarsen pillars. The gate to Avalon.

Wyrtegeorn breathlessly plods across the glen, stops. Cold wind carries the cries of a woman and howling beasts.

6 EXT. PRIMORDIAL FOREST - MORNING

A barefoot WOMAN (22) in a blue tunic runs in terror. A Direwolf crashes through the underbrush in pursuit. Claws thresh the forest floor, closing distance on an easy meal.

Three Direwolves join the hunt on her right. She veers left. Five Direwolves press on her left, moving in for the kill.

She sprints into the open. Across the glade a basalt cliff rises. Nine Direwolves smash through the trees. The cliff wall so tantalizingly close, mocks her efforts.

She quick-steps up a tree trunk, lunges for a branch. She dangles tauntingly close to the razor fangs below. The ravenous pack lays siege around the tree.

She pulls herself up. A chattering squirrel scampers to intermingled branches of a near oak. She traces its escape.

Bare feet run along the bough. She bursts from her perch. Outstretched hands grasp a scaffolding branch on the ancient oak. Flailing arms hook the bough below. It bends earthward.

Direwolves lunge at their elusive prey. She moves hand-over-bloodied-hand higher. She climbs to the branch pointing to the next tree. Direwolves circle below. They settle.

She flies along the bough. It snaps, sending her tumbling. She lands face-to-face with a Direwolf. She flees. She vaults up the stone. A Direwolf lunges. Hungry teeth snap.

Claws tear her tunic, rake deep down her hamstring muscle. She screams agony. Ascends through pain. Laboring to the clifftop, she stares defiantly at her would be killers.

The pack races for the switchback. She hobbles off and confronts a sheer rock face. Fingers probe to find purchase. She grabs a branch. Eighteen amber eyes narrow, draw closer.

Alpha pounces. An iron tipped shaft impales the beast. Another lunges. An arrow answers. The beasts scatter. Wyrtegeorn rushes in. She crouches warily, ICE-BLUE EYES glaring. He sees his dagger. Oh, that.

WYRTGEORN

I am Wyrtegeorn, at your service.
Might I have the name of one so brave
as to hunt direwolves bare-handed?

She says nothing. He repeats himself in Norwegian. Nothing. He kneels by her bloody leg. Wyrtegeorn tears the back panel off her shredded tunic, makes a bandage for her deep gash.

Their eyes meet. She captivates him in a prison of blue.

WOMAN

Rowena..

7 EXT. CAPUT ÆLFWEARD VILLAGE - EVENING

Two riders astride a horse mosey along through a village to Caput Ælfweard. Peasants wave at the passing of their liege lord. Yellow-toothed smiles widen, awed by the enchantress.

8 EXT. CAPUT ÆLFWEARD BAILEY - EVENING

GRIEG, the old steward of the holdfast, greets the riders.

GRIEG

We were sick with worry when eventide
twice passed and you had not returned

WYRTGEORN

But not so worried as to go looking.

GRIEG

Go looking in the Deathwood Forest? I
said we were sick with worry. We had
not been taken mad with fever!

WYRTGEORN

Aye, Deathwood grows there in
abundance. Yet it only is a forest.

GRIEG

'Only a forest' says the man who went
hunting for deer and returns with a
lamb in wolf's clothing!

9 INT. CAPUT ÆLFWEARD MASTER BEDROOM - EVENING

Wyrtegeorn carries Rowena inside. He gestures for her to stay

10 INT. CAPUT ÆLFWEARD MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

EMMA enters with hot water, linen strips and clothes.

EMMA

Lord's said you've a nasty gash. Now,
let's have a look.. It's alright.
Naught here I hadn't seen aplenty.

Emma yanks the shredded tunic. Rowena's gash now a scab.
Emma blesses herself. She collects her wits and leaves.

11 INT. CAPUT ÆLFWEARD MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Wyrtegeorn sees Rowena laying by the fire. He laughs, leads
her to bed. She straddles him and sings like a running brook
whispering its melody to the night. The warrior surrenders.

Emotions wash over him like an ocean. A tear escapes him.

He falls asleep in her gentle embrace.

12 EXT. CAPUT ÆLFWEARD - DAY

The lovers laugh. Wyrtegeorn knows peace. Time passes..

13 EXT. CAPUT ÆLFWEARD VILLAGE - DAY

Wyrtegeorn and Rowena approach on horseback, Rowena with a small baby bump. Men avert their gaze. Women rush indoors.

14 INT. CAPUT ÆLFWEARD GREAT HALL - DAY

Wyrtegeorn strides to his throne, Rowena stands beside him. King WILLIAM II (40) and his RETINUE marvel at her beauty.

WILLIAM II

So, it *is* true.

BENEDICTINE MONK

It is customary to bow to your king.

WYRTGEORN

No man compels me to bow in my own hall. King or no.

WILLIAM II

Lord Wyrtegeorn, forgive the father. He is a man that troubles over the trappings of etiquette and protocol. You are a man of a different sort. A man England could use more of.

WYRTGEORN

We are not in England.

BENEDICTINE MONK

That is treason!

WILLIAM II

That - is a point that some might contest.. Now that King Malcolm has been dealt with, your barony rests within the *English* border.

WYRTGEORN

I care not what is beyond my border.

William cannot take his eyes off Rowena.

WILLIAM II

You are a fascinating man. I am prepared to increase your lands ten thousand fold, making the whole of The Cumberland your fief. I require only that you pledge fealty to me as your rightful king, and give unto me the Nephilim to take unto my protection, thus securing our peace.

WYRTGEORN

Nephilim? I do not know that word.

BENEDICTINE MONK

For your baptism was a sham, Dane! A Nephilim has the appearance of a human, even a soul, but have angelic powers that differentiate them from ordinary humans.. She is beyond you.

WILLIAM II

I will remove your impudent tongue!

WYRTGEORN

What said you last priest, is true. She is beyond me. As for your offer, Rowena is not mine to give. Do you wish to go with this man?

ROWENA

I see only one man here-I choose him.

WYRTGEORN

She has given you her decision.

WILLIAM II

You would refuse your king?

WYRTGEORN

You are king of the Englanders. I have not recognized you as my king..

WILLIAM II

I understand that you wisely refused to join King Malcolm's lost cause. If you had, your land would have been forfeited. You may have even been killed. That can yet still happen. I have an army a day's march from here.

WYRTGEORN

A day's march is not here.. If you seek death, why wait?

WILLIAM II

You think to kill me? Look around
you! I have fifteen men guarding me.

WYRTGEORN

They look to be fine soldiers. It
would be a pity to kill them. And
more's the pity for you not to live
to see the price of your hubris, fair
king. You seem a decent fellow. I'll
hate to kill you.

WILLIAM II

And I would hate to die! The balls on
you! Pity the horse that bears them!
We shall see if it is hubris to bet
on my fifteen swords to your one.

Fifteen swordsmen draw blades ready to follow their captain.

A guttural growl echoes. A Direwolf stalks in. MYRDDIN EMRYS
(50s) swaggers into the hall. He is tall, with ebony skin,
MOLTEN GOLD EYES. In his hand, a twisted staff.

The growling familiar orbits him like a bloodmoon ascendant.

MYRDDIN EMRYS

You harbor that which is not yours to
possess, mortal. She is a thing
beyond your comprehension.

WYRTGEORN

So I have been told.

MYRDDIN EMRYS

Release her unto me. I shall grant
you a mighty boon: life eternal.

Myrddin extends a hand. Yellow flame springs from his palm.

WYRTGEORN

Tell me, wizard, what poetry might be
writ of a thousand, thousand sunsets
by a blind man? What profit in life
unending if I carve out my heart?
What felicity is found if you
lengthen my days but rob them of
ardor? You offer me nothing but
ashes. *Love is stronger than death.*

MYRDDIN EMRYS

Such comely words from the warrior
poet. Love..

(MORE)

MYRDDIN EMRYS (cont'd)
 Love is as fleeting as the morning
 dew on a spider's silken snare.. When
 you know the frailty of your life,
 you shall beg for my gift.

The Direwolf lunges. Wyrtegeorn plunges his ready knife into
 its ribs. He holds the dead beast up to Myrddin's face.

WYRTGEORN
 Shall I put your claims of life
 eternal to the test, wizard? Go. All
 of you. Or you shall suffer my wrath!

Wyrtegeorn drops the carcass. Myrddin withdraws, gestures
 with his staff. The Direwolf revives, retreats, ears down.

ATLAS (PRELAP)
 Does the story end there?

15 INT. ENGLISH MANOR BEDROOM - EVENING

The leather "Wyrmfeld Chronicles" snaps shut. PENDRAGON XX
 (50s) dressed in a bespoke 1940s suit in ATLAS (10) room.
 Pendragon's ice-blue eyes gaze through leaded glass. In the
 soft gloaming lay the distant ruins of Castle Wyrmfeld.

PENDRAGON
 No.. No, Atlas. The Chronicle doesn't
 end there. It continues with you..
 Our legacy has passed unbroken
 through nine centuries to you.

ATLAS
 What's a legacy?

PENDRAGON
 A legacy.. is an echo of the past we
 can hear today, if we listen. Things
 that get passed down like.. the color
 of your eyes is the same as mine, and
 mine are the same as my father's.

ATLAS
 So, it's like a gift..?

PENDRAGON
 Sometimes a gift. Sometimes a burden.
 I am Baron of Wyrmfeld, as my father
 was before me. And one day you will
 be baron. On that day you will learn
 that your legacy is also a harness
 and a chain.. These lands are your
responsibility. You must never sell.

(MORE)

PENDRAGON (cont'd)
 Not for any reason. To do that is to
 break a covenant with all your
 ancestors, and all your descendants.

Pendragon gestures Atlas to look out the window with him.

PENDRAGON (cont'd)
 The ruins by the lake were once the
 home of Wyrtegeorn and Rowena, and in
 that lake still sleeps the dragon.

ATLAS
 The dragon is still there, father?

PENDRAGON
 Yes. The dragon slumbers so long as
 we preserve and protect the land..

He kisses the drowsy Atlas with the same ice-blue eyes.

16 EXT. ENGLISH MANOR BEDROOM - EVENING

Atlas' cherub face looks out the window. Seasons pass. He
 ages as we pull away across the manor across the fields.

Time-lapse of the ruins of Castle Wyrmfeld being restored.

17 EXT. WYRMFELD CASTLE LIBRARY - PRESENT DAY

Atlas (80s) looks out of a window. A faded scar traces along
 his cheek, disappears under the patch covering his left eye.

Earth moving equipment arrives at the ruins of a tower.

18 EXT. EXCLUSIVE HUDSON RIVER SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

A BMW stops at a brick mailbox "WESTFIELD". GRIFFIN (70s), a
 sharply dressed Brit taps the steering wheel impatiently.

Maria ISABELLA Salazar Westfield (40s) rolls into the
 driveway. Griffin intercepts her on the cobblestone walkway.

GRIFFIN
 Good day, Dr. Westfield. Might I have
 a word? Is your husband at home?

ISABELLA
 He is not. Can I help you?

GRIFFIN

I need to speak to him on an urgent matter.

ISABELLA

I'm sorry. Who are you?

GRIFFIN

He who is tasked with locating him. When might he be expected?

His business card appears with the panache of a magician. She sees his title as senior partner at an English law firm.

ISABELLA

Not for hours.. What is this about?

Griffin snaps his wrist, glances to his Bulgari watch.

GRIFFIN

I'm afraid that won't do.

He opens a portfolio, handing her a manila envelope.

ISABELLA

I never knew lawyers deliver mail..

GRIFFIN

When the circumstances demand, madam. Please convey my regrets for not delivering this in person. Have your husband contact me at his earliest.

19 INT. WESTFIELD HOME OFFICE - DAY

Isabella casually tosses the envelope on her husband's desk.

20 INT. WESTFIELD KITCHEN - DAY

Isabella puts on the kettle. Peruses take out menus.

21 INT. WESTFIELD HOME OFFICE - DAY

Isabella stands conflicted. A flick of a sword letter opener. Her hand strays over her mouth. The kettle shrieks. On the desk, a letter addressed to *Alexander Wyrmfeld*.

22 INT. OFFICE OF DR. ALAN WESTFIELD, NEUROSURGEON - DAY

ALAN WESTFIELD (50s) ice-blue eyes scrutinizes a spinal injury. He fumbles for the ringing phone in his pocket.

ALAN

Hi honey.. Not for a few more hours.

ISABELLA (V.O.)

Alan? Who is Alexander Wyrmfeld?

A four word gut punch. His face goes pale.

ALAN

I'm.. I'm on my way home..

He drops his phone putting it back in his pocket.

Alan steps out of the examination room, into a reverie.

23 INT. ENGLISH HOSPITAL - 33 YEARS AGO DAY

A PATIENT (19) lies in traction. A one-eyed ATLAS(50) fumes and whips a sniveling ADOLESCENT(16) with a riding crop.

24 EXT. LIVERPOOL DOCKS - DAY

Adolescent boards a ship with a sad sack of belongings.

25 EXT. WESTFIELD HOME - PRESENT DAY

Alan sits parked in the driveway, gathering his courage.

26 INT. WESTFIELD KITCHEN - DAY

Alan enters the kitchen with dozens of roses. Isabella furiously chops, preps a Mexican feast in stony silence.

ALAN

I was thinking maybe we'd go out..

Isabella unleashes a tornado.

ISABELLA (SPANGLISH)

Is that what you were thinking? Maybe we'd go to a nice quiet restaurant where I won't raise my voice? No! We will eat at home where I can speak in whatever kind of voice I want!